

THE WEEKLY GATEWAY

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER SCHOOL

VOL. 11

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1922

NO. 2

Scope of Dept. of Music Being Much Enlarged

Conservatory Serves as a Center for Musical Talent of Omaha

An increased faculty and definite plans for a series of musical treats mark the 1922-23 opening of the Omaha Conservatory of Music. This department started its promising career two years ago under the guidance of Mrs. Protzman, an Oberlin graduate. The tentative beginning met with instantaneous response.

"In fact," says Dr. Kreuger, "the faculty felt justified in enlarging the original plan to comprise musical theory, by adding instruction in the instruments themselves. In the near future we intend to confer the degree Bachelor of Music. We believe that

(Continued on Page 4.)

Much Pep Exhibited at Gateway Mass Meeting

Interest in the U. of O. Student
Publication Indicated by
Big Attendance.

The Gateway launched its subscription campaign at a special chapel on Thursday. Copies of the Gateway were distributed while the editor, Carl Poppino, associate editor, Merrill Russell, and society editor, Lucille Bliss, told the policy of the paper and its need of support. Professor MacLean introduced the speakers.

Al Kastman explained the plan of painless extraction of two dollars by payment of a dollar down and another dollar later, or by merely pledging to buy a subscription. Immediately after his talk he and several trusted accomplices passed out cards while the orchestra coaxed and soothed the students into a compliant state of mind.

The systematized division of the paper into departments makes for greater efficiency, according to the editor.

Merrill Russell brought home to the student body the vital need of a paper in a school without dormitories or unified interest as the University of Omaha. He further stated that a paper and the backing it received indicated the degree of spirit in the school. "Any boy or girl who would paper and support it does not deserve not pay two dollars to buy a school a school to go to."

Choice bits of gossip and the most glibby of personal details are promised by Lucille Bliss in her department.

George Pardee is an authority on English Literature. His dissertations on the subject, while not profound, are of great duration and verging upon verbosity and prolixity.

Members of the public speaking classes are inclined to think that Dr. James has that subject confounded with primary methods. Some of the class periods are made up of almost infantile articulatory gymnastics.

If anyone is fortunate enough to hear Ruth Redfield they will be benefited by the philosophy she expounds.

GRIDIRON SQUAD TAKING FORM AS FIRST GAME OF YEAR APPROACHES

Prospects for a successful opening of the football season in the first game of the year with Trinity appear brighter at this writing than at any previous time.

Coach Adams has received communication regarding the return of another of last year's veterans who will appear with the squad next week in the person of Dewey Laws.

To date an unusual amount of speed has been the predominating quality of the men who have donned the maroon, but lack of weight is evident. Men of greater weight, such as Laws, are in demand. For the first week Coach Adams has put the squad through a program which has become gradually more strenuous.

More Men Can Be Used.

There are a number of men of football type on the campus who have not yet reported. It should be considered a privilege to get under the personal direction of Coach Adams and his assistant on the field, and a duty to the Old School to get into the game and give all you've got. There is still some unused equipment in the gymnasium, and lockers are available. Get the SPIRIT and a suit, and join the squad.

Our first game is with Trinity on October 7th. Get interested right away. A good schedule has been arranged and a winning season depends upon three things—an efficient coach, a good lot of material, and a boosting student body. We have all—the third depends upon YOU. Let's do the first and most of the second, make this a year of co-operation.

Team Taking Shape.

Although many positions on the team are still open, Coach Adams is gradually shaping the squad into a

formidable piece of machinery. Much credit must be given to our last year's men. With Wilmarth and Pettingill as halfbacks, Konecky and Russell at end, Chesneau at center, and Lewis as tackle, we have the nucleus of a team that will be able to hold its own against any team, especially with Poucher at quarter and Ackerman at end or quarter.

We must also give credit to the city high schools for the experienced material that is now at our disposal. The loss of last year's men can readily be overcome with the McKee brothers in the line and at fullback, Hessler as a possible halfback, Jansen for center and Barnhart as an efficient tackle. With Stromberg as a backfield man and Pratt, Erickson, Weber, Bradshaw, Christy and others, to fill vacancies, there is no reason why last year's team cannot be duplicated if not outclassed.

Schedule Nearly Complete.

Coach Adams has been working hard to arrange a schedule that will put the U. of O. on the map. At present eleven games have been lined up. Due to unforeseen difficulties, only two games will be played in Omaha. Some of the teams to be played are Trinity, Tabor, Kansas City Uni., Trinity (home game), Tarkio, and Palmer.

Athletics to Be Well Reported.

The sporting editor announces that a "Who's Who" section will be added to the athletic column. This section will contain both humorous and serious data concerning the team. With a special reporter, who desires his name withheld, and Leonard Stromberg as game reporter, the editor feels that the student body will be able to secure first hand information concerning the team and its activities.

Player's Club to Produce Better Plays This Year

Schedule Planned by Dr. James of Interest to Dramatic Students

With the most successful year in its history completed last June, the Player's Club, under the direction of Dean James, is formulating plans for the biggest and most extensive work ever undertaken by the organization.

Last year only one multiple act play was given, but it met with great success both times it was presented. "When a Feller Needs a Friend," a three-act farce, with a cast of ten, was the play given, first in our own auditorium, and then in the auditorium of Central High School. Several one-act plays were presented by the club upon different occasions, each one uncovering some real stage talent among our students.

At present, the club has several plays under consideration, and the one selected will, according to present plans, be given just before the holidays. This means that selection of the cast and preliminary practice will have to be started within the near future. Before this time, however, tryouts and the admittance of new members will be completed.

Dramatics have an appeal to practically everyone, and particularly to college students. Therefore it is not surprising that student productions are of such universal interest.

It is planned to set the date of tryouts for new members at about October 11. All students enrolled in the University are eligible for the tryouts. The students are at liberty to choose their own selections, but are expected to present something that is worthy of collegiate dramatics. Satisfactory presentation of the selection entitles the student to membership in the club and holds him eligible for appointment to the cast of whatever play may be given.

Only six members of last year's club returned to school. Lucille Bliss, Edythe Monson, Marie Pellgrin, Kenneth Baker, Carl Poppino, and Merrill Russell are the only members eligible to select this year's new members.

Places in the club are always open to those interested in the footlights. Every student who has any talent at all is urged to prepare for the tryouts. Definite dates will be announced later.

OMAHA WALKING CLUB TO HIKE NORTH OF FLORENCE

Miss Irene Tauchen is to lead Sunday Hike No. 184 of the Omaha Walking Club, which takes place October 8. All the students and the faculty of the University are invited. Dress in old clothes, bring your lunch, and have a good time.

The hike will begin at three-thirty P. M. from the end of the Florence car line. The route will be west for a short distance, turning north on the road leading through Waldenwood, Mr. Learned's summer home, and then circling west, north, and east to Lone Oak, where the campfire will be built and lunch eaten. The return trip will be through Copper Hollow and along the river road to the starting point.

Student Body Cheers the Maroon Warriors at Chapel

Orchestra Provides Jazz While Players
Line Up for Approval
of Supporters.

Football became king at a large mass meeting Friday. Spirit oozed all through the record attendance at chapel in response to the stirring appeal of Chairman Kenneth Baker.

Ben Mead was elected cheer leader after demonstrating his ability along that line. He immediately assumed his duties and led some not-so-slow rah-rahs for the team.

The schedule shows only two home games this season due to lack of a field, but takes on some of the stiffest colleges in four states. Baker introduced the squad to the assembly amid thunderous applause. The school looked them over and registered absolute approval.

This seasons turnout predicts a crew of winners, and the spirit already evidenced will send them out to bring home the bacon.

Acting Captain Wilmarth again stressed the absolute necessity of spirit and backing to make a bunch of good men an invincible team.

The Tabor game on October 14 will find as many of the school as can make the ride venturing to cross the river to witness the victory of the maroons.

Remember to back the team 100% strong and go to Tabor.

CO-ED IS MUCH ADMIRER.

Virginia Keenan's home is popular with many of the boys. Aside from Virginia's charm, can there be any further attraction? It is suggested that it may be because her home is in such close proximity to Camp Brewster. We don't know about that, but as it is stated that she went east one year because her beauty attracted the attention of a noted artist, we would conclude that celebrities are too rare to be overlooked.

Bob Jenkins Leaves to Attend Chicago U.

"Best Fellow in School" Goes East
to Complete School
Work.

Robert Jenkins, son of President Jenkins of the U. of O., left last Thursday for Chicago where he will attend Chicago University for the ensuing year.

Bob was one of the most popular students in the school and his friends numbered practically all of the student body and faculty. Prominent in the Player's Club and the Glee Club, Bob proved himself an entertainer of merit as well as a good fellow.

Gateway, Y. M. C. A., class activities and practically every organization in the school benefited by his good work and wholehearted support. Bob also served as an instructor in mathematics.

THE WEEKLY GATEWAY

Published by the students of the University of Omaha.

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The staff was much pleased with the attendance at the special chapel last Thursday. They want to see the same kind of support at our football games.

We play Tabor next week—don't forget that. Everyone MUST boost for this first game and back it big. Be there if you possibly can—don't fail! It is vitally necessary to our athletic success. The boys who fight for the honor of our school are depending on YOU to be out and root for them. Don't throw 'em down!

The Gateway has as yet only a fifth as many subscriptions as it should have in a school of this size. Our catalog lists nearly nine hundred students. Of course, some of these are taking special work which does not require regular attendance. However, we feel that the paper should be taken by at least half of those registered in the catalog. If you haven't placed your subscription, do so at once. There will be someone in the Gateway office in the basement at nearly any hour of the day to sign you up. Support your paper!

Last year there was considerable smoking on the campus and especially at the north-east corner of the building. This doesn't look well for our school. Let's try to refrain from the use of the weed while we are on the university grounds.

What has happened to class spirit in our school? One would think, from the lack of interest in class doings, that we are all freshmen. It seems about time for a few elections to take place.

The presidents of the various classes should call meetings to take care of this business. Some organization is necessary soon, as there are several social functions to take place in the near future. Successful class affairs must be properly conducted by duly installed officers. Someone get busy.

If you can't find a comfortable place to eat your lunch, come down to the Gateway office. We need only a small portion of the space at our disposal; the remainder may as well be put to some good use. There are plenty of seats and tables there to assure at least some comfort and convenience. Drop in and get acquainted.

That was a fine turnout at the mass meeting Friday. As soon as the freshmen learn the yell, we'll have pep to burn at future gatherings. Support the games in a like manner. Give the team the backing it deserves.

Harold Holson, former University student, has given up the "happy-go-lucky life" and entered the business world. He still continues to pay the school a visit nearly every day, and no one need be told who or what the attraction is.

Have you heard the scandal about Norma Howe? Just ask Norma and she will tell you all about it. Dave, too, will be able to give you information on the subject (not our Dave, but another one who does not attend the University.)

Dolores and Bud didn't have anything special to do Thursday afternoon, so they occupied their time eating "all day suckers" on the west stairs. We hope they felt no ill effects from such a rich condiment.

Agnes Braig has joined the ranks of the earring brigade and is sporting some very nifty ones this week.

Shear Nonsense

—BY RUS—

"If ye canna laugh ye might as weel be dead."

My idea of a fellow
Who has a drag with the
Girls is one who
Kisses them and then
Pushes them away
Saying they can't
Have any more.

Don: "I adore you. Will you not be my wife?"

She: "The idea of you proposing to a girl of my class—you should know better."

Don: "I do know better, but they haven't half your money."

Immaterial.

Ruth: "At which end shall I get off?"

Conductor: "It's all the same to me, lady; both ends stop."

Hey, you! Get out of the air; the ozone's busy!

Bather: "Help, help, I'm drowning."

Baker, the life guard: "Well, why make so much noise about it?"

Rastus (at dance): "Mundy, am your programme full?"

Mundy: "Lawdy, no, Rastus. It takes more dan two sandwiches for dat."

Some Joker, This Guy!

She's a wonderful queen, but I'm not the king who has the jack to go with her.

"I know a fellow who used his head."

"Howzat?"

"He took a grass cutter to Hawaii."

How sad the story of Jane McCleek! Her will was strong but her won't was weak.

Flapper: "What did Jack do last night when Alice slapped him for kissing her while they were canoeing?"

Ditto: "Why, he paddled her back."

Flapper: "Oh! the mean thing!"

Yankee Visitor—"Yes, sree. In America our hotels have elevators to carry us straight up to our bedrooms."

Sandy—"But you'll no need these contraptions now, w! prohibition."

—The Passing Show (London.)

Virginia was having trouble with her new Rickenbacker.

"But everybody has trouble lately," she said; "and it's nothing in the world but the use of these raw materials at the factories."

An Honorable Degree.

Said the friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded an A. M. degree.

"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph. D. next?"

"No, he will be looking for a J. D. I."

Personals

Keene Pettingill is so conscientious about his work this year that he spent an hour with his instructor in Algebra, before class, receiving extra help on various phases of the subject.

In calling the roll the other day, one of the professors was very much surprised when Thelma Burke answered "here" from an opposite side of the room from which he expected to see her. He said he was looking for a "red spot" and, not seeing one, concluded she was absent.

Alice Pfeiffer, Helen Williams, Florence Jensen, Inez Shamp, Elsie Schwartz, and one or two others always make it a special point to get to college algebra about ten minutes early in order to get a seat in the back row. We wonder why. It is that the bright ones always want to occupy such inconspicuous places in a class room?

Mr. Raymond Norene, wireless expert and authority on all matters pertaining to electricity, is acquiring quite a reputation as a mathematical genius in the analytical geometry class. As tips remarked a few days ago, it takes a mind of ocean depth to fathom that branch of learning.

The Goat Getter

BY

NANCY AND WILLIAM

Ned Williams, waiting on foreign lady who desires some talcum powder:

"Mennen's?" Ned asked.

"No, vimmens," replied the lady.

"Want it scented?"

"No, Ay better take it with me."

Man is somewhat like a sausage. Very smooth upon the skin; But you can't tell just exactly How much hog there is within.

Dr. Kreuger, upon being asked what benefit there is to be derived from smoking cigarettes, informed Iverson that it would discourage the bed bugs from biting him.

Paul Madsen says he is sorry summer has passed because he didn't connect with one pair of unbuttoned gaiters all season. Funny, isn't it?

Ben Mead and his parents were registering at a hotel this summer when the clerk asked whether they wanted a room with bath or without bath. Ben quickly whispered, "Get one without a bath, ma." Ben explains by saying that he was in swimming two weeks before and a bath was out of place so soon.

"I sure have a sweetheart that is a gentleman."

"Who is he?"

"Ronald Hadley. He took me to Burgess-Nash ten room the other day and after our tea arrived, he poured his out in his saucer to cool; but he didn't blow it like a rude person would have done."

"What did he do?"

"He fanned it with his hat."

First Gentleman—"Did you get home last night before the storm started?"

Second Same—"That was when it started."

—Literary Digest.

Possible Explanation.

Hubby—"Of course, dear, I'm only a rough idea of mine, but do you think it's possible that there's ever such a thing as a printer's error in that cookery manual of yours?"

FABLES IN SLANG.

A Young Buck of serious Meln oozed once on a time into the Office of the official Time Keeper of a Knowledge Factory. Chance was that many other Ambitious Birds were holding down the Bar for a turn at signing the Death Warrant. Seeing no Device on which to flop, he remained leaning upon Shoe Leather.

By and by when he had arrived at a State of Feeling bordering on Exhaustion, an uncouth Dumb Bell of much Adipose bunted him aside, and he tripped over a pair of extended Fibulas, bedistinguishing his new Hand Me Down and wrecking a vegetable Chapeau. In disgust he swung out the Gate and started down the Stairway.

One Little Flapper, chancing to drop in at the Crucial Time, gave him the Wink, and together they visited the Red Onion, where Chuck was served. In an hour more the Young Buck and the Little Flapper stood together at the Bar, and the Lady with the Axe received fifty Ducatoons in exchange for a Red Card. And the Young Buck went to his nightly Hang Out with a Smirk of Content.

Moral: Flappers are the Real Goods in any Wisdom Center.

The chemistry classes did not meet last Thursday and Friday, as Miss Ward was ill. We are sorry the new students are the cause of such a disastrous state of affairs.

Specimens of Magnificence.

Teacher—"The word 'grand' is used in the sense of 'splendid, sublime, noble,' and the like. Can you give an example of such use?"

Little Bobby—"Yes'm. Grand dukes and grand larceny.—Judge."

Proof Aplenty.

"How'd you get the black eye?"

"Well, a girl told me she kissed."

"Yes?"

"Being doubtful, I thought I would see if she lied."

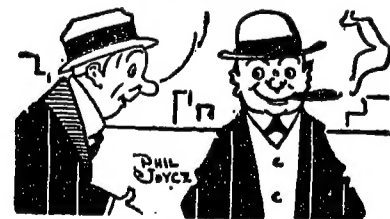
"Well?"

"She did."—Octopus.

Just So.

"The men have gotta quit hammering at the way the women get themselves up. The limit has been reached."

"I see your point. Paint and sawdust won't stand it."



FORCED TO IT

Mr. Thurston: Old Guzzie's been drinking like a fish ever since the country went dry.

Mr. Wetmore: Put me next. Where does he get it?

Mr. Thurston: From the same source where the fish gets his drink.

Hoping.

If I survive to ninety-three, Or even ninety-seven, I'll live in hope that there will be No saxophones in heaven.

Progress.

North—Do you think infants are burdened with original sin?

West—No; but they're saddled up with considerable war debt.

Just So.

"How about an itching palm?"

"An itching palm is all right if a man is willing to scratch for a living."

A Heavy Burden.

Ethel—Stella carries her age well, doesn't she?

Clara—Yes. It's a wonder she doesn't grow tired of the burden.

COLOR-VAMPING IS THE LATEST

Co-eds Play Mercilessly With Fancies of Vacillating Man.

That Omaha University teaches Kindergarten Methods is well known. But that it teaches the particular kind of methods that Widow Zander endeavors to put into practice is not so widely known.

The boys around school may think they are independent, but not so will say any careful observer. They are as babes being led by their mothers' apron strings.

Since the time of Adam, the fair sex have had their methods of charming and enamouring man. Unconsciously, you say? Not a bit of it. Take in our mother's time. Was their method not unique? Whenever a romantic situation was lacking they merely fainted and struck the man dumb with their appealing helplessness.

However, not to stray too widely, there is one particular method the girls at Omaha U. are using to accomplish the purpose of attracting the opposite sex. It is by colors. Miss Clark assures us that babies are drawn especially to the color red. The boys must be but babes grown up, then, for red seems to have the desired effect. And brown,—brown is such a rich color; and when it matches soulful, expressive eyes,—well, from indications it cannot be surpassed.

Still, it is not entirely the color; for clothes have a little to do with it. Take sweaters,—they seem to be very popular, and they come in every shade and hue. Of course only those who wear them with a distinctive air and get them to match their personalities have much success. For instance, one girl wears a sweater that one of the boys described as resembling a wildcat that he killed last summer. Wildcats are usually shunned, are they not?

Well, anyhow, the secret is out. The new method of vamping is by means of color. So watch out, boys!

KAPPA PSI DELTA.

On Monday, September 25, a box party was given for rushees at the Brandeis Theater. Many thrilling episodes made the affair interesting.

A progressive dinner for rushees was given Wednesday last at the homes of Dolores Partsch, Betty Sowell, and Georgia Street.

In accordance with the precedent established in former years, a mascot, Miss Gertrude Sutphen, has been elected from the preparatory department of the school.

A rose lunch was served at the home of Katherine Reynolds at one o'clock P. M. last Saturday. Formal pledging of rushees took place at three o'clock.

GUS KNOWS HIS DEUTSCH.

Gus Brubacher is "star pupil" in German I class. Professor Kuhn many times asks questions of a rather difficult nature and after having the class, one by one, fail to answer them, he is forced to fall back on Gus, who, without a minute's hesitation, answers correctly. How does he do it?

Has any one noticed how thin Ray Blake has become? How DID he do it? There are several members among the co-eds, who, I know, would like to have the recipe. We hate to think it is because he is overworking.

Lucille Ortmann of Whiting, Iowa, has returned to the U. of O. after an absence of two years, to finish the economics course.

Gertrude Thelm is starting her work with the enthusiasm which is typical of her.

PHI SIGMA PHI.

Jay Gibbs and Guy Anderson are attending the "big school on the hill." Creighton is a fine institution, so they say.

Our cheerful old brother, Eli Stock is located with temporary permanence at Colfax, Iowa, where he is seeking relief from rheumatism.

Gabby

Spectacles as a rule do not cause much comment, but one lad who wears big tortoise rimmed ones has aroused the interest of more than one girl. He is a prospective football player, and a real star in basketball. He never attends a class but he gives a vivid impression that he has been present. His clever speeches and winning smiles linger long in the memory of everyone with whom he comes in contact. Sad to relate to all the girls who may have a "case" on him he is already spoken for. A girl who lives near Hancock Park and drives a big car to school occasionally is his "steady."

There are two people about whom many students were asking questions on the opening days of school. He was probably the best known person in school because of his close relationship to the head of the institution. Was it not the same with him, and the black haired miss as it was last year? Decidedly not. Perhaps the cause was his going to summer school in the east. They seemed so well suited that it was tragic that they should part. Such, however, proved to be the case, for he, finding life not so pleasant as it had once been, has again gone east in the pursuit of knowledge and happiness.

A very interesting romance is being carried on between two girls and a certain young man, and those who have been watching it progress are wondering just how it is going to terminate. The said girls are opposite in both looks and disposition—one being dark and full of mischief and pep, the other a blond of a quiet nature. Both are popular among the students and are well liked by everyone. We don't know, but we have an idea that the dark-haired miss will win in the end.

ALPHA'S GO ON HIKE.

On Tuesday evening, September 26, the members of Alpha Sigma Lambda, accompanied by a goodly number of rushees, set out to explore the wilds of East Omaha. As usual, our worthy friend and brother, Nelson Hartford, acted as the official guide. After several narrow escapes, the party reached its destination, whereupon Uncle Pychiner set about to prepare the eats. Broiled steak and black coffee seemed to just hit the spot, judging from the way the boys did justice to it. After spending an hour around the glowing timbers, it was deemed best to break camp, and seek the homeward path.

ALPHA SIGMA LAMBDA.

Mr. James Kohars, last year's zoology assistant, entered the Creighton College of Medicine last week.

Clyde Bennett and Albert Edwards have returned to the University of Nebraska College of Medicine this year.

Pearl Pearson and Irene Carlson write from Chicago that they have successfully (?) struggled through production week and are now privileged to settle down to the promise routine of dormitory life.

Subscribe for the Weekly Gateway.

Our Chief Executives Wage Gigantic Verbal Conflict

Sanguinary Results are Narrowly Averted in Heated Argument.

Type or music—which shall it be, which shall it be? All those whose ears point north and south at once got the affliction (not from eavesdropping, truly) but from trying their best to stretch their hearing the three hundred feet that exists between the gymnasium and the type room. Radiophones should be procured from Ray Norene and carried about hereafter by all students who wish to simultaneously vocalize and hammer out productions, not on the piano, but on the Royal Smith Monarch.

The faculty should get together before they make announcements or they will soon find that a house divided against itself will fall. The musical chapel last week was very entertaining, but Dr. Jenkins' love for music and Dean James' regard for typewriting were manifested in a most menacing manner. They staged a dramatic debate for the benefit of the assembled throng which was tinged, however, with polite gentility.

To give the theme of the discussion honestly, it stands that Dr. Jenkins announced that all wishing to take music would remain in the gym after chapel. The Dean announced all type students would also meet there after chapel. That's where the trouble began. Which is more important, type or music? Since music comes from the heart and typewriting from the head you may use your own judgment as to which prevailed.

Betty Says:

An inventory of the campus includes:

The Cactus Kitten, Texas.
The Blue Streak from Red Oak.
Aluminum Gondola from Sarpy County.
Hadley's R. S. V. P. (real service very plentiful.)
Dorothy Sandberg's new Little Lincoln.
Ginny's Hat in the Ring.
Dr. Vartanian's Rolls Ruff.
The Rattler running on L. Calkin's last ten.
A two-lunged velocipede of Kuhn's.

Miss Zozoya finds that the Melting Pot and Ellis Island have nothing on her Spanish I class. It is composed largely of members of the masculine gender who are doing remarkably well thus far. In the short while that class has been meeting their vocabulary has grown alarmingly. Now the boys can carry on a fluent evening's conversation as they already know bonitas, muchachas, querida, amigita, and buenas noches.

Little Red Riding Hood has certainly aroused the Little Boy Blues from their slumber. Thus far, Dave Robel is the most alive in the steps of Little Red Riding Hood, with Hadley pressing him closely for first honors.

For a "freshy" Ellen Foster has made quite an impression on some of our reputable upper classmen. According to Carroll Corliss, Ed Rufft, and Harry Williams this is the "fall" season. We all agree with them.

Yes, boys, the inevitable has come. Our hours of suspense have terminated in a most tragic way. Though we hoped vainly until the very end, the last straw has been cruelly snatched from us, and we must face the grim fact—they're longer! Even Florence Jensen has let down the hem of her blue dress, and Miss Davlin offers information of "lengthening

them from the shoulders," which may be an incentive to bring back the good old reliable suspender for a new usage.

Lucille Bliss spent the summer studying on a mechanical engineering course. "Now," quoth Lucille, "I can change the spark plugs all alone," as she gracefully waved her hand in the direction of the grease cups.

Mrs. Johnson was emphasizing "style" one day in English Lit. when some passing soul peeked in the door. Later on said "spirit" inquired who was teaching designing,—and did George Pardee and Glen Hessler enjoy making dresses?

Ever hear Jimmy Holmquist dwell on the "door of the imagination," the "entrance to the soul," ad infinitum? Yes, Homie is reading Beowulf now.

WHAT THEY DON'T DO.

Students no longer hold tete-a-tetes in the journalism room.

Ed Rufft has quit skipping classes. Twelve-thirty chapel has been discontinued.

Inez Shamp no longer uses the expression, "I'm haggard."

Cortez Kelley has quit smoking.

Ferne Thompson has decided not to wear a hat to class.

Marie Pelligrin no longer wears short tresses.

Favorite Sayings of Famous Folks.

Mrs. Johnson: "Let's have it quiet, please."

Konecky: "Have you subscribed for the Gateway?"

Russell: "Oh, heck!"

Robel: "I have a lot of competition over there."

Also, "We carry our own applause; we take no chances."

Eleanor Sevlck is a student whose home is on Bellevue Boulevard. We are all well acquainted with that Boulevard and expect good things from it.

Lucille Latham is busy, as usual, working in the advertising department of one of our big stores.

THETA PHI DELTA.

Ralph Giffry is attending Nebraska Medicine Unit this fall. We wish Dr. Giffry success.

William Thompson, an alumni member, is coaching athletics at Thomas Jefferson High School in Council Bluffs.

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MIGHT PREFER OTHER PLACE

"Do you suppose jazz musicians will go to heaven?"
"Maybe so," replied Mr. Grumpson.
"According to the modern idea, nearly everybody is going to heaven, but I won't present my credentials to St. Peter until I find out whether or not they'll have to check their horns at the gate."

Hard Labor.

"Well," said the shoe drummer, "what's going on in Chiggersville today?"

"Heard about Zeke Dawle?" asked Squire Witherbee.

"No. Has he gone to work?"

"Yes. Quite a number of our citizens were on hand to see him accept a position. In fact, the courtroom was crowded."

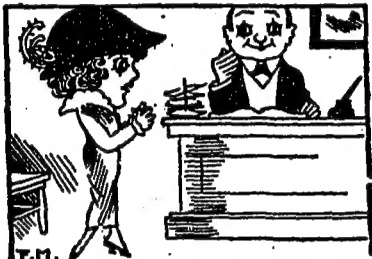
Poor Chance for Him.

He—What would your father do if I told him I wanted to marry you?

She—He'd refer the matter to me.

He (hopefully)—And what would you do?

She—I'd refer the matter to Mr. Smart, who proposed to me and was accepted while you were trying to make up your mind.



INEXPERIENCED

"What kind of coal do you wish, mum?"

"Dear me, I am so inexperienced in these things. Are there various kinds?"

"Oh yes. We have egg coal, chestnut—"

"I think I'll take egg coal. We have eggs oftener than we have chestnuts."

Swat!

The skeeters sing on airy wing
As they linger hungrily by,
But off their song, like that of the swan,
Is the last before they die.

Named Fifi.

"The baby specialist is in high dudgeon."

"What's wrong?"

"A woman of fashion summoned him to attend her 'baby.'"

"Well?"

"The cute little animal has four legs."

A Bit Previous.

First Prisoner—Well, pardner, what are you in for?

Second Ditto—Found some jewelry.

F. P.—Why, they wouldn't send you up for that, would they?

S. D.—Found it before the owner lost it.

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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

AGAINST THE TIDE

BESSETTING you on every hand is the invisible tide which is hourly sweeping humans from their chartered course and carrying them into unknown waters.

The captains of courage who have gone before, weathered the treacherous currents and reached a secure haven, are the only ones who can tell you what this opposing tide means to the young or the inexperienced, or the over-confident.

They will tell you how difficult it is in trying moments to keep your honor bright; how hard it is to steer away from temptation or the habit of loose thinking; how perplexing it is to avoid the sucking shoals when you should keep cool, hold to the straight course and exert your utmost strength.

You may pose for a hero before the world, but be careful lest the tide pull you under and expose the fraud.

If your colors are false, beware! for the tide knows them.

In spite of its purring voice and shining face it is a restless foe, a bearer of no tales, a silent destroyer of ambition and a wrecker of hope when your star seems to glow the brightest and you stand puffed up in conceit before an admiring world.

Alas! for the man who in such a moment plunges headlong into the tide without first reckoning his endurance.

The water is icy cold, swift and treacherous.

How many men do you know who have gone down in such a plunge, never again to show their head?

Their pride and pomp, their wealth sank from sight and left only a few empty bubbles behind, bursting and disappearing.

Be honest with yourself, sincere with others, practice the Golden Rule, steer your craft by the unfailing compass of faith, and though the waters snarl about you, your frail little boat will at the end of the journey find a friendly harbor where Truth and Mercy will welcome you and give you peace.

Sail on! you who are half discouraged because you are not shining in the show-places, riding in automobiles, living in mansions and blazing your name in the Blue Book.

The earth is reserved for the meek, and this inheritance is for you, for you who through simple faith are stemming the tide and making the final port!

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

His Trip Back.

"Your husband is quite enthusiastic over this back to the soil idea," remarked the neighbor woman.

"Yes," snapped his wife, "but the only chance John ever will have of getting back to the soil will be when the undertaker takes him there."

Caged.

Mrs. Crawford—I don't see how she's going to benefit by having her husband sent to jail.

Mrs. Crabshaw—She admits that she won't get any money out of him, but she'll have the satisfaction of knowing where he is night.

All Born Somewhere.

"J'apa, where were you born?" Willie asked his father one evening.

"In Manchester, darling."

"Where was mamma born?"

"In London, darling."

"Where was I born?"

"In Leeds, dearest."

"Queer how we three people came together, isn't it?"

(Continued From Page 1) MUSIC DEPT. BIGGER.

a city of 200,000 needs a Conservatory of Music, and the fitting location for such a school is in a university having such brilliant prospects as ours." Will Broaden Musical Understanding.

Dr. Jenkins hopes that the course will instill an intelligent appreciation of music in those lacking it and advance those already possessing this quality. "It is expected," he remarked, "to broaden the musical understanding of the college student."

Dr. Frederick Konrad Kreuger heads the theory course, teaching harmony and musical appreciation. Louise Jansen Wylie instructs the vocalists, while Corlune Paulson prepares our future pianists. Robert Cascadon continues in charge of violin and Miss Anderson is teaching public school music. A new subject, pipe organ, has been introduced with Albert Sands in charge. All of these teachers are familiar to us, their position in musical circles being recognized as high. Within a few weeks the entire conservatory staff will give a free recital open to University students.

Glee Clubs Begin Work.

The pupils themselves will soon start giving monthly performances which will have no attendance charge. Here is an excellent opportunity for the poor Romeos to enjoy a costless evening.

Glee Clubs are recognized adjuncts to school life. The Conservatory will be an immeasurable help to these organizations. The Girls' Glee Club headed by Dr. Kreuger intends to begin work on an opera which will be given not only here, but in other towns. Mr. Campbell, of Y. M. fame, is directing the Boys' Glee Club. The two organizations are not expecting to give joint performances, but prefer to specialize in unaltered choruses.

School Needs Orchestra.

Many students have desired an orchestra. If there seems to be a general enough response, a suitable leader will be found and work can begin. There is a distinct place for such a group. Gala day exercises and various plays of the year demand an orchestral background. Besides helping the school it would prove an invaluable experience to the musicians. If any students desire to try out they should consult Dr. Kreuger about the matter.

(Leo Bergsten, another new student in our midst, comes from the University of Denver.

Exchange Comments.

We are much impressed with the Wesleyan. We feel sure that the advertising manager must be a genius, or that the business men of Lincoln are much more generous than those of our own city. Larger headlines at the top of the sheet might improve the appearance of the front page.

The Hastings Collegian came to our office the other day. We are not particularly impressed with the arrangement of the headlines on the front page, and a few box headings on the second and third pages might add to the attractiveness of the publication. However, the composition of a paper at the beginning of the year is difficult at best, and perfection is impossible. We like their editorials very much.

ALL A MISTAKE.

I met her on the campus walk,
And she was very fair to see;
I didn't know her, but she smiled
And looked quite tenderly at me.
The fellow that they say she loved
Was standing looking at her there
And as I went to tip my hat
She froze him with an icy stare.
I felt quite happy till I learned
That she was cross-eyed as could be.
The tender look was meant for him—
The icy stare belonged to me.

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